

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

WHOLE NUMBER : 24.

Our readers may recollect that last fall we mentioned an experiment made by Mr. John Park of Gates, by sowing a barrel of salt to the acre upon a summer fallow.—The ground was plowed once the preceding fall, again in May, and salt sowed thereon above, and afterwards plowed twice before seeding. On the 1st and 2d of September, wheat was sown two bushels to the acre. The crop has just been harvested, and Mr. P. is confident it will yield forty bushels to the acre.—*Rochester American*

[illegible]

LITERARY EXAMINER.

One.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Another hand is beckoning on,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel steps
The path which reaches Heaven.

One young and gentle friend whose smile
Made brighter summer hours,
And the frost of autumn time
Has left as with the flowers.

No palling of the cheek of bloom
Forewarned as of decay,
No shadow on the silent hand,
Fell round our sister's way.

The light of her young life went down
As sinks behind the hill;
The glory of a setting star—
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet her fair brow seemed—
Eternal as the hills;
And like the brook's low song her voice—
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she heeded not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a shining one
Who walked an angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts where her footsteps
Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face as one who reads
A true and holy book.

The pleasure of a blessed hymn
To which our hearts could move,
The breathing of an inward psalm,
A canticle of love.

We miss her in the place of prayer
And by the heart's light;
We pause beside her door to hear
Once more her sweet "Good night."

There seems a shadow in the day
Her smile no longer cheers,
A dimness on the stars of night
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alike unto our Father's will
Our thought has been recalled;
That He whose love exceeds our love
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father! in thine arms
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts, and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

And grant that she who trembled here
Distracted at her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well-beloved care.

From Fraser's Magazine.

Madame Recamier.

The position occupied by Madame Recamier in French Society, and the influence which she exercised over it, entitle her to be considered as one of the most remarkable persons of our age. At the same time, to those who did not enjoy the happiness of her acquaintance, the secret of the influence of which we speak, and to which there has been nothing equal in recent times, must, unless the cause of it be explained, remain in mystery. I have so frequently been asked by her countrymen and my own, in what the fascination of Madame Recamier consisted—how it was that after the loss of fortune, youth, and beauty, she still retained an unquestioned and unequalled empire over men's minds—that I venture to attempt some explanation of the problem. For society, and above all the female part of it, has no slight interest in the matter.

My first impression and my latest conviction with regard to Madame Recamier were the same; they furnished me with one invariable answer to all the questions I have been asked about her. It was the atmosphere of benignity which seemed to exhale like a delicate perfume from her whole person, that prolonged the fascination of her beauty. It was her heart rather than her head, that inspired her with the faculty of animating, guiding, harmonizing, the society over which she presided, with a quiet, unobtrusive power, the secret of which was with herself. Madame Recamier was by no means a talker, nor was I ever struck by her talents or acquisitions. She seldom said much; and it was only on an attentive study that one perceived how much of the charm and value of the conversation was due to her gentle influence, never asserted yet always felt. It would be a mistake, nay, a disparagement, to imagine that she attracted round her such a circle of distinguished men by the brilliancy of her conversation. It was the ineffable charm of the sweetest and kindest of tempers; the strongest desire to give pleasure, to avert pain, to avoid offence, to render her society agreeable and soothing to all its members, to enable everybody to present himself in the most favorable light—it was the suavity, the refined humanity of her nature, that gave grace to all her acts and gestures; that rendered her beauty irresistible in youth, and the charm of her manner scarcely less powerful in age.

It is not, therefore, the sermon so often preached over the grave of beauty—that it is transient and probable—that we would fain pour into fair and youthful ears.—Those who cannot see that most obvious and salient of truths, and upon whom the sight does not force some serious reflections, are far beyond the reach of words. Neither are we at all inclined to assert the well-worn falsehood, so often told by the very men whose whole life belies it, that beauty is of no value. Beauty, like any other power, is one of the great gifts of God, who has so constituted man that he is, and ever must be, its subject, often its slave. It is the highest and the most intoxicating of all powers, for it is at its zenith when the reason is yet unripe; it is attained without toil or sacrifice, and held without responsibility. It is, then, not by deprecating or depreciating so mighty a gift that any good can be done. The consciousness of her triumphs (unknown, perhaps, to any but herself), will speak louder to the possessor of beauty, than any attempts of ours to depreciate their value.

But what may perhaps be done, at least where beauty is combined with tolerable understanding, is to show its high vocation, and its sweet influences on social life; to point to the withered, heartless, and spiteful coquette, whose beauty survives only in her own memory, and to her own torment, and then to Madame Recamier, old and blind, surrounded with such respectful admiration, such affectionate and almost enthusiastic devotion, as few indeed of the young and brilliant can command.

Such then as hers, we would say, fair creatures, is the sceptre which He made you fair to pass within your reach. Would you obtain it? He, too, has taught you the means—first, by the law of your woman's nature, which He has written on your heart; secondly, by that other divine law which He has given to us in His word. You are, if you are true-born women, gen-

tle, kind, and loving, anxious to please, and fearful to offend. If you are Christian women, you are meek and lowly of heart, full of pity and charity, of good-will manifested in kindly words and benevolent works. Let these things be added to your beauty, and see, in the example before us, how enduring is its empire!

It is true that Mme. Recamier was gifted with a corporeal grace, which is not to be acquired, and which admirably seconded the grace of soul that inspired her lovely person. This was striking to the last. Even when bowed by age, and moving about with the uncertain step and gait of the blind, this did not forsake her. There was a gentleness and suavity in all her movements that excited admiration, even in the midst of the tender pity she excited. It is probable that the impression she made on her age and darkness, than it would have been had I seen her in the pride of her beauty and the triumph of her charms.—It is certain that those who had known her in the plenitude of her power never forgot her, and that the attachments she inspired ended only with life.

At the time that I became a resident in Paris, I heard that Mme. Recamier had ceased to receive strangers. Her sight, afterwards completely extinguished, was already dimmed; her health was extremely delicate, and, as she afterwards told me with her gentle smile, she did not care to have people come only to look at the once beautiful Mme. Recamier. I had, therefore, not the smallest hope of seeing a person concerning whom I felt so much curiosity and interest, and it was with equal surprise and pleasure that I accepted the kind permission of her niece, Mme. Lenormant, to accompany her one evening to the Abbaye aux Bois. From that time I became a frequent visitor as all the obstacles interposed by great distance, health, weather, and occupation, would allow me.

For a long time before her death (says Mme. Lenormant) she had ceased to make visits, but her salon was open every day before and after dinner. Before dinner (from three to six) was particularly devoted to M. de Chateaubriand. Every day, without fail, he came at three, and did not go till six. During the last two years, his *calet de chambre* and another servant brought him into the room in his arm-chair.

M. de Chateaubriand had entirely lost the use of his legs. When I first saw him his very elegant head wore no appearance of illness; he was still a singularly handsome old man, but it was evident that he suffered morally as well as physically from an infirmity which exhibited him in so helpless a state. Even then, M. de Chateaubriand spoke little, and often appeared to take little part in the conversation. He spoke to me occasionally of England; and in a foreboding tone. He did not like the reform-bill; he argued no good from free trade agitation, and seemed to fear that we were on a declivity. Considering the state of his health and spirits, and the nature of his political opinions, this was to be expected.

His appearance and manner were those of the most perfect breeding and courtesy. M. de Chateaubriand was the principal person in the group which formed itself round Mme. Recamier, and the object of the utmost respect and attention. There was something imposing in his silence and in his high-bred air, which well fitted him for the place he filled.

Those (says Mme. Lenormant) who have seen them during the last two years, who have seen Mme. Recamier, blind, but retaining the sweetness and brilliancy of her eyes, surrounding the illustrious friend whose age had extinguished his memory, with cares so delicate, so tender, so watchful; have seen her joy when she helped him to snatch a momentary distraction from the conversation which passed around him, by leading it to subjects connected with that restful past which still lingered in his memory—those persons will never forget the scene; for they could not help being deeply affected with pity and respect at the sight of that noble beauty, brilliancy and genius, bending beneath the weight of age, and sheltered by such ingenious tenderness by the sacred friendship of a woman who forgot her own infirmities in the endeavor to lighten his.

Mme. Lenormant is right in saying that it is impossible to forget this touching scene. How distinctly is she now before me, as she seized my hand, on one of my latest visits to the Abbaye aux Bois, and said rapidly in her sweet low voice, "Do not speak to him; talk across him!" At that time he had sunk into almost unbroken silence, but she never gave up the chance that conversation might afford him a momentary amusement.

It is characteristic of Mme. Recamier's unselfish nature, that after the operation for cataract had proved unsuccessful, and she had to resign herself to hopeless darkness, she remarked that an infirmity which was inconvenient only to herself was the one which she could the most easily submit to. I remember on one occasion when I called on her, and she fancied that she had neglected some act of courtesy, she said, with her sweet smile, and as if excusing herself, "Il est si incommode d'être aveugle." As if the chief value of sight was the power it gives of ministering to the pleasure of others!

Next on the list of those who daily assembled about Mme. Recamier, was the venerable and amiable Bellenche—the incomparable friend, who from the moment he beheld her devoted his life to her. Nobody who knew M. Bellenche can forget him, or can remember any one like him.—He realized all one's conception of the simplicity, serenity, and benevolence of a Christian philosopher. Nothing could be more engaging, nothing more venerable than his manner. Even his ugliness had something singularly attractive. He inspired love, confidence, and respect, in a degree rare indeed when united.

Whilst he was engaged in the composition of *Antigone*, (says another of the illustrious group of devoted friends, M. J. J. Ampere, in his *Memoire de M. Bellenche*) poetry appeared to him under an enchanting form. He became acquainted with her, of whom he said, that the charm of her presence had laid his sorrows to sleep; who, after being the soul of his most elevated and delicate inspirations, became in later years the providence of every moment of his life, down to that final one when she came to take her seat by the death-bed of the faithful friend so deeply lamented.

M. Ampere quotes the following passage from a letter of M. Bellenche to Mme. Recamier.

"Antiquity is far from having furnished me all the materials for it; the ideal was revealed to me by you. I shall explain all these things one day; I choose the world to know that so perfect a creature was not created by me."

And again, at a later age, he says: "If my name survives me, which appears more and more probable, I shall be called the philosopher of the Abbaye aux Bois, and my philosophy will be considered as inspired by you. Remember that it was only through Eurydice that Orpheus had any true mission to his brother men; and remember, too, that Eurydice was a mirror-vision. The dedication of the *Paléographe* will explain all this to posterity. This thought is one of my joys. I believe that I am now entering on the last stage of my life; this stage may be prolonged for some time, but I know well what it is at the end of it. I shall fall asleep in the bosom of a great hope, and full of confidence in the thought that your memory and mine will live the same life."

I have been the more desirous to enlarge on this part of Mme. Recamier's life, because it illustrates what I have so often remarked, the incomparable tenderness and constancy of the French in Friendship.—How the vulgar notion of the instability of French friendship arose, I cannot guess.—Nobody can have lived among them without seeing instances of devotedness to which we can offer no parallel. If it be thought that I am exaggerating, let anybody show me here in England an example of a woman who has neither youth nor beauty, fortune, nor what is called connection, living in a most remote and inconvenient spot, and going nowhere, whose modest *salon* is the daily resort of five or six among the most eminent men in the country, and the frequent resort of a great number of distinguished men and women.

And Mme. Recamier, however supreme, was far from being alone in this respect.—I could mention other houses in Paris where a faithful band assembled, with nearly equal punctuality around the friend of many years. Were it permitted to speak of one's self, my own experience would suffice to prove the steadiness, warmth, and devotedness of French friendship; but I shall have another example of it to cite among the friends of Mme. Recamier.

In the month of June, 1847, M. Bellenche, whose health was very infirm, was attacked with inflammation of the lungs. During the eight days his illness lasted, his sweetness and serenity never abandoned him for an instant, and at last he experienced the great joy of seeing her who was the life of his heart take her seat, suffering and blind, by his bedside, which she did not quit, till, with the calmness of a sage and the resignation of a saint, he fell asleep, as he had said, "in the bosom of a great hope."

I shall never forget the sort of consternation, mingled with sorrow which this death caused. Everybody felt regret for so pure and excellent a man, but yet more of grief and pity for Mme. Recamier, whose loss was felt to be overwhelming and entirely irreparable. I had happened to hear that M. Ampere, whom I knew to have been for some time suffering from the effects of his dangerous illness in Egypt, was going to recruit his shattered health in the Pyrenees. He was to accompany M. Cousin, and the day of their departure was fixed. Two or three days after the death of M. Bellenche I went to the Abbaye aux Bois to inquire for Mme. Recamier.—M. Ampere, who had instantly taken, as far as it was possible, the place of his venerable and lamented friend, came out to speak to me. After talking of her and her unutterable loss, I said, "And you? You will be obliged to give up your journey."—"Oh," said he, "je n'y pense plus." The demands and perils of his own health were utterly forgotten. M. Ampere has, I do not forget the effect it produced on me.

I should gladly digress a little to quote the beautiful speech which M. de Tocqueville, in the name of the Académie, pronounced over the grave of M. Bellenche; or the eloquent address to the departed of a fellow-townsmen, M. de la Prade.—A few words of the latter I cannot bear to omit.

There was in your mind, in its serenity, its charming simplicity, its tenderness, something more than is found in the wisest and the best. Your virtue was of a divine nature; it was at once a prolonged infancy and an acquired wisdom. In you, learned old age had retained the purity and the candor which in others does not outlive infancy. Serene and radiant as your soul may now be in the mansions of peace, we can hardly conceive of it as more loving and more pure than we behold it on this earth of impurity and strife.

Such was the friend who was taken from Mme. Recamier, when age and infirmity had made him most necessary to her. No wonder that she never recovered from the shock. The last interview I had with her has left on my mind a picture which no length of years will efface. The servant who came to the door told me he did not think Mme. Recamier could see me; she had one of her attacks in the throat, and had completely lost her voice—but he would inquire. I said, I did not expect to be received; I wanted to know how she was. He returned, saying Mme. Recamier wished to see me. It was early—before three—and she was alone. She was sitting with her hands folded on her lap, and her feet resting on the ledge of a low chair before her, in an attitude of utter though tranquil memory. On that chair I seated myself, and, taking her hand, kissed it.—She attempted to speak, but could not. I entered her not to try, and offered to go. She held my hand fast, and as often as I proposed to go, fearing to fatigue her, she pressed it; and so we sat; she, blind and speechless, I at her feet, hardly able to keep from tears, but saying, from time to time, something, which she answered by a pressure of the hand. While we were setting forth, the door was thrown open, and with the usual announcement, "M. le Vicomte," M. de Chateaubriand was brought in, in his chair, and deposited by her side; and thus I left the illustrious couple, struck to the soul with this scene from the close of two of the most brilliant of lives. Here were grace and beauty, genius and fame, high birth and honors, all that men love, admire, or covet—and to what were they reduced? Of all that Heaven had so lavishly bestowed, what remained? What had the least value for them, save those humane and pious affections, which alone survive the loss of every external advantage?

M. Bellenche died in June, 1847; M. de Chateaubriand in July, 1848; and the sweet woman who had been at once the object, and the bond of their friendship, on the 11th of May, 1849. The immediate cause of her death was cholera; but affliction, especially from the moment she perceived the injury done by time to the faculties of M. de Chateaubriand, had already undermined her health, and opened the way to the destroyer. She died at the house of her beloved niece, rejoicing in the intervals of her terrible agonies, that she was permitted to die surrounded by her family.

There can hardly be a greater proof of the pre-occupation of all minds in Paris than the small attention this event excited; an event which (as a man distinguished in politics as well as in letters, and not one of her friends, remarked to me), would, in less stormy times, have formed the sole subject of conversation. But the memory of this gracious woman will outlive those of a hundred noisy tribunes and ambitious schemers.

To be beloved (says Madame de Hautefeuille in her affectionate lament) was the history of Madame Recamier. Beloved by all in her youth, for astonishing beauty; beloved for her gentleness, her inexhaustible kindness, for the charm of a character which was reflected in her sweet face; beloved for the tender and sympathizing friendship which she awarded with an exquisite tact and discrimination of heart; beloved by young and old, small and great; by women, even women, so fastidious where other women are concerned—beloved always and by all from her cradle to her grave—such was the lot, such will be the renown, of this charming woman! What other glory is so enviable!

Mme. Recamier had a quality which, perhaps, more even than her winning kindness, attracted and attached men to her.—"Elle étoit le genre de la confiance," said one of the noblest and most eminent of her living countrymen. All who were admitted to her intimacy hastened to her with their joys and their sorrows, their projects and ideas; certain not only of secrecy and discretion, but of the warmest and readiest sympathy. If a man had the *chance* of a book, a speech, a picture, an enterprise in his head, it was to her that he unfolded his half-formed plan, sure of an attentive and sympathizing listener. This is one of the peculiar functions of women. It is incalculable what comfort and encouragement a kind and wise woman may give to timid merit, what support to uncertain virtue, what wings to noble aspirations.

I cannot conclude this long outpouring of recollections without some mention of another Frenchwoman, the sublime type of a wholly different nature, with whom Mme. Recamier was brought into contact near the close of her life. It was, I think, in the summer of 1845 that Mme. Recamier visited her niece, then staying at Bellevue, where M. Guizot's family had a house.—There she saw his most noble, venerable, and saintly mother, whose commanding intelligence, fervent piety, and devotion to her son and his family, evidently left a strong impression on her mind. She knew that I enjoyed the singular happiness (one of the greatest of my life) of frequent intercourse with a family, the least distinguished of which was the station and power of it; and she never failed to take me with peculiar interest for Madame Guizot. I never think of the meeting of these two remarkable women without intense interest. How different their youth! how widely severed their paths through life! With what feelings did the once adored beauty, the darling of society, contemplate the saintly and heroic widow who, at twenty-six, when the husband of her youth had fallen on the revolutionary scaffold, cut off her long and beautiful hair, and put on the small close cap which she never laid aside, sought refuge with her two boys in Geneva, and, to the hour of her death, lived devoted to God and her children!

But the same path is not marked out for all. Mme. Recamier's was one of diffusive benevolence, and she walked in it faithfully to the end. She was not called to the exercise of maternal affections and maternal duties. The tenderness and heroism of her nature found a vent in universal kindness and devoted friendship.

It was at the same time and place that M. de Chateaubriand and Mme. Guizot met for the first and only time in their lives. He called upon the venerable lady, for whom he always afterwards expressed the greatest admiration and reverence. What a singular meeting! Like that of two mariners shipwrecked by the same storm, whom fate has led, after long wanderings, to the same resting-place.

From Burra's Christian Citizen.

Norwegian Song.

The stately pine of Norway,
Tree of the mountain land,
Firm rooted on the wind-swept height,
How proudly does it stand!
The snows and rushing tempests come,
And the falling torrents shiver,
And the dim mists gather round the home
Of Norway's stately pine.

The tree that braves a thousand storms,
Old Norway's stately pine:
We envy not the roses
Of the climate where summer reigns,
Nor the chestnut woods that gleefully wave
On the distant southern plains.

We envy not the orange bowers,
Nor the purple clustering vine;
For the tree of the changeless life is ours,
Old Norway's stately pine:
The tree that braves a thousand storms,
Old Norway's stately pine.

How many a strange wild legend
Round the peasant's hearth is told,
When all is bright and warm within,
As the winds without are cold.
And in the woodfire's cheerful rays
A legend of olden times is told,
What it feeds that evening light:
'Tis Norway's stately pine.

The tree that braves a thousand storms,
Old Norway's stately pine:
Upon the wave-rocked ocean
That girds our native shore,
Boldly, in his adventurous toils,
The fisher plies his oar.
Wanderer, what is it for thee the bark,
That bounding bark of thine?

'Tis the ancient tree of the forest dark,
Old Norway's stately pine:
The tree that braves a thousand storms,
Old Norway's stately pine.

The winds make solemn music,
Like the restless sea's wild moan,
As they linger 'mid the leaves awhile,
With a soft and trembling tone.
With a spirit power that whispering sound
Thrills through the heart's deep shrine,
For we love the Norway's mountain ground,
And we love her stately pine.

The tree that braves a thousand storms,
Old Norway's stately pine. A. L. W.
Worcester, (Eng.)

Endurance of Calamity.

With a brave and strong heart should man go forth to battle with calamity. He shall not let it be his master, but rather shall he master it—yes, he shall be as an artificer, who taketh in his hand an instrument to work out some beautiful work.—When Sir Walter Raleigh took in his hand the axe, that was a fine moment to deprive him of life, and felt its keen edge, he said, smiling, "this is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases." Indeed the manner in which the brave English Noblemen and Clergy of the olden time, went to death, even when it was to appease the jealousy or wrath of unjust monarchs, is illustrative of the spirit I would recommend. Fortitude, manliness, cheerfulness, with

modesty and humility, dressed them, even on the scaffold, in robes of eternal honor. And surely he who takes an instrument in his hand, which is not to slay him, but with which he may work out the model and perfection of every virtue in him, should take it with resolution and courage; should say, "with this sore pain or bitter sorrow, is a good and noble work for me to do, and well and nobly will I strive to do it. I will not blench nor fly from what my Father above has appointed me. I will not drown my senses and faculties with opiates to escape it. I will not forsake the post of trial and peril." Do you remember that noble boy who stood on the burning deck at the battle of Nile? Many voices around said, "come down!—come away!" But the confiding child said, "father, shall I come?" Alas! that father's voice was hushed in death; and his child kept his post till he sunk in the whelming flame. Oh! noble child! too teachful us firmly to stand in our lot, till the great word of providence bids us fly, or bids us sink!

But while I speak thus, think me not insensible to the severity of man's sufferings. I know what human nerves and sinews and feelings are. When the sharp sword enters the very bosom, the iron enters the very soul—I see what must follow. I see the uplifted hands, the writhed brow, the written agony in the eye. But God's mercy, which "tempers the blast to the shorn lamb," does not suffer these to be the ordinary and permanent forms of affliction. No, thou sittest down in thy still chamber, and sad memories come there, or it may be, strange trials gather to thy brooding thought. Thou art under thy friend must die; or worse still, thy friend is faithless. Or thou sayest that coming life is dark and desolate. And now as thou sittest there, I will speak to thee; and I say—though sighs will burst from thy almost broken heart, yet when they come back in echoes from the silent walls, let them teach thee. Let them tell thee that God will not thy destruction, thy suffering for his own sake—wills thee not—cannot will thee, any evil; how could that thought come from the bosom of infinite love! No, let thy sorrows tell thee, that God wills thy repentance, thy virtue, thy happiness, thy preparation for infinite happiness! Let that thought spread holy light through thy darkened chamber. That which is against thee, is not as that which is for thee. Calamity, a dark speck in thy sky, seemeth to be against thee; but God's goodness, the all-embracing light and power of the universe, forever lives, and shines around thee and for thee.

"Evil and good, before him stand
Their mission to perform."
The angel of gladness is there; but the angel of affliction is there too—and both alike for good. May the angel of gladness visit us as often as is good for us—I pray for it. But that angel of affliction! what shall we say to it? Shall we not say—"come thou too, when our Father willeth—come thou, when need is—with saddened brow and plying eye, come; and take us on thy wings, and bear us up to hope, to happiness, to heaven—to that presence where is fullness of joys—to that right hand, where are pleasures for evermore!"

There is one further thought which I must not fail to submit to you, on this subject, before I leave it. The greatness of our sufferings, points to a correspondent greatness in the end to be gained. When I see what men are suffering around me, I cannot help feeling that it was meant not only, that they should be far better than they are, but far better than they often think of being. The end must rise higher and brighter before us, before we can look through this dark cloud of human calamity. The struggle, the wounds, the carnage and desolation of a battle, would overwhelm me with horror, if it were not fought for freedom, for the free—so to protect infancy from ruthless brutality, and the purity of our homes from brutal wrong. So is the battle of this life, a bewildering maze of misery and despair, till we see the high prize that is set before it. You would not send your son to travel through a barren and desolate wilderness, or to make a long and tedious voyage to an unhealthy climate, but for some great object; say, to make a fortune thereby. And any way, it seems to your parental affection, a strange and almost cruel proceeding. Nor would the merciful Father of life, have sent his earthly children to struggle through all the sorrows, the pains and perils of this world, but to attain to the grandeur of a moral fortune, worth all the strife and endurance. No, all this is not ordained in vain, nor in reckless indifference to what we suffer, but for an end, for a high end, for an end higher than we think for. Troubles, disappointments, afflictions, sorrows, press us on every side, that we may rise upward, upward, ever upward. And believe me, in thus rising upward, you shall find the very names that you give to calamity, gradually changing. Misery, strictly speaking and in its full meaning, does not belong to a good mind. Misery shall pass into suffering, and suffering into discipline, and discipline into virtue, and virtue into heaven. So let it pass with you. Bend now patiently and meekly, in that lowly "worship of sorrow," till in God's time, it become the worship of joy—of proportionately higher joy—in that world where there shall be no more sorrow nor pain nor crying—where all tears shall be wiped from your eyes—where beamings of heaven in your countenance, shall grow brighter by comparison with all the darkness of earth.—Dewey.

Have we a Father There?

"Clarinda—do you think we shall live again . . . after we are dead?"

"I don't know," was the answer, in a low, mournful tone.

"It seems," continued he, "as if I had been alive a very, very short time. I have lived . . . and done nothing else; and now I feel sorry to go into darkness and nothingness again. Do you think I shall?"

"Then you think you shall die?" . . . said she, with her usual abruptness, but with a bitterness inexpressible in her accent.

"I think I must," was the answer.

And for all this reply, she retired to her station at the foot of the bed, shrank into a heap of garments, crouched down her head, and buried her face again between her arms, and under her hair. But this time she did not look through between those arms. This time, she hid the very light of day from her form, yet dry eyes.

There was a silence; and the boy breathed painfully. At last he said:

"Our Father who art in heaven!"

"Our Father?—a father—who art in heaven. Have we a father there, Clarinda? Is there some one in this wide, wide universe—this vast vault—this large vessel in which we are floating. Is there a Father in it, do you think, Clarinda?"

She lifted up her face—shook her head sorrowfully, and said:

"I don't know."

"Oh! if there were a father," said the boy, "How glad I should be to go to him!"

"Go to him?" said she mournfully.

"Ah, Clarinda! how glad we should be to go to him!"

She nodded assent, and sank down into her former position.

"I think," said the boy, after another long pause, "if I were but sure I should find him—I should be very glad to die."

"And I would be almost glad to let you," she replied in a low voice, and her head sank down again; and hidden by the clothes, tears, still and silent as soft summer rain, literally poured from her eyes.

Another pause!

"Clarinda, what are you thinking about all the time you are at church?"

"I do not know," said she again, raising her head—"anything—nothing. I used to look about when I was a child; and amuse myself as well as I could, and now I think about—that is all the difference."

"Well, that is just what I do. It is very strange that we have neither of us thought more about it. Do you ever say your prayers?"

"Some people do, every night and morning."

"I never was taught any prayers, except by my old Nurse, when I was a little thing—I used to say, 'Pray, God, bless Papa and Mamma, and make me a good girl.' I left it off when I left the nursery, and had no one to bid me kneel down.—Brother, if there be a God!"

"My children," said the old man, softly opening the door, "how are you both, and what was that you said last, my pretty lady, Clarinda? If there be, be sure there is. Have I not shown him to you in the flowers? My children, comfort your poor hearts.—There is a God—a father to the fatherless, a—"

"Then he shall be my God," faltered the boy.

"And will he raise the dead?"

"We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound; and the dead shall be raised; and this corruption shall put on incorruption; and this mortal immortality"—replied the old man—"But wherefore, now, my children? Surely, this is not the first time you have asked of yourselves these things?"

"Nay," said the boy, "you know, sir, how it is with us. We are too poor, ignorant, ill-educated beings, wandering about on this earth—coming, we know not from whence—going, we know not whither.—We are two poor, desolate orphan children. We were content to wander together, but now we both believe that we must part. And she would know what will become of me when I am dead; and I would know what will become of her when, like a poor little withered leaf, she is left to be blown about the world. If there be a father to the fatherless, why have we never been told of him?"

"It would have been a great comfort," said the girl.

"—I should have asked him a great many things, if I thought he would have heard me."

"Ask, then, for he will hear you."

"—And grant my prayers!" said she, doubtfully.

"Or do better," said the old man.

"I understand you," said she, sinking down again.

"What I would ask is 'his life,' repeated she to herself; 'poor, unhappy boy! and will he not be better with his father? No, I will not ask that—but I will ask Him to pity me, when he takes him to himself, and to take the poor little Clarinda home too.'"

The good and simple old man now resumed his favorite subject. He talked of creation, and its beauties, and its excellences, and long he pursued the lovely theme, consoling the hearts of these young inquirers; and then he fetched his little black Bible, and he read of life and immortality, and the touching words of the tender and pitying Lord Jesus; and he laid these two trembling children at their Savior's feet.